

lock. I poised myself for the rush, my heart beginning to throb, my muscles tense in eagerness of action. I waited a second, fearful he might venture one more glance, then leaped silently across to the curb, and gripped the crank of the machine.

It had to be accomplished with one whirl, and it was. At the sudden reverberation the slumbering chauffeur came to life, ripping out a volley of oaths before he fairly had his eyes open.

"Here you!" I ordered sternly, shoving the muzzle of a revolver into his face. "Stay where you are." She was at the side door and had opened it. With one step I slipped in beside her, and thrust the barrel hard against the fellow's neck. "Straight ahead! and drive fast."

He shot one frightened glance back at me, caught the gleam of steel, and turned on the power. The taxi shot forward, flinging us both back against the cushions. I caught one glimpse of the men in the restaurant springing to their feet, and the startled face of the newsboy as we whirled madly past his stand. I could not see the policeman, but heard his revolver bark twice, mingled with a command to halt. Then we were out of the light plunging recklessly along beside the car track.

"Which way?" I asked the figure beside me.

"First turn to the left," she replied breathlessly. "They cannot catch us; have the man drive slower."

I gave the order, and the fellow obeyed, screwing his head around in an effort to look behind. Evidently the sound of a woman's voice had slightly revived his courage.

"Say, Miss," he implored, "have that fellow take his gun away. I ain't goin' to play no trick on you."

"You will drive just as we say," she asked. "I know the city."

"Sure; we git used to all sorts o' rum affairs running night cabs. I don't care where you go, so I get paid, only," his voice sorrowful, "I lost a matter o' seven dollars leavin' those guys back there."

"I'll pay their bill, as well as my own," I said convincingly. "It will be worth your while to drive as we tell you, and keep quiet about it. Only don't forget the revolver is here, and I know how to use it. Tell him where you wish to go, Mademoiselle."

She leaned forward, her face to the single opened window, speaking rapidly. I heard her name a number of to me unfamiliar streets, but failed to distinguish clearly all she said. The chauffeur asked no questions, nodding his head, and saying "Yes, mum," his eyes on the street ahead.

"Keep within the speed limits; we do not care to stir up any more policemen."

He grinned knowingly, and she settled back into the darkness beside me.

"Your orders sounded rather complicated," I ventured in a whisper. "Are you sure he understands?"

"Oh yes; to one knowing the streets they were simple enough. It is necessary to confuse our pursuers, or they might guess where we were going."

"Do you mind telling me where that is? I cannot help feeling an interest in knowing."

She laughed, somewhat nervously.

"Why, of course, I have assumed absolute command, haven't I? You mustn't be angry, Monsieur, because I knew the way, and you did not. That was my reason for being so forward."

"I understood that, and am most grateful. I was unable to perceive any means of escape. You are a wonderful woman."

"I? Oh, no! no! I am so frightened it is remarkable that I can think at all. The seeing this taxi at the curb was an inspiration. I hardly dared hope we could make it quickly enough but—but it was our only chance. The whole credit is yours for handling the chauffeur. All I had to do was to open the door, and get in with a rush," she laughed.

"You originated the plan; the pos-

sibility never occurred to me."

"I grant that; merely a flash of intuition with which they say my sex is endowed," she admitted. "But I contend the execution was far the more important."

There was a moment of silence, and, in the flashing past of a street light, I caught a glimpse of her face, a swift, tantalizing glimpse.

"But you have not told me, Mademoiselle?"

"Told you what? If there be any secret I know it not."

"Our destination?"

"But, you heard what I said to the chauffeur?"

"Only a part—a mere jumble of street names."

She drew a quick breath, leaning slightly forward, one hand grasping the window frame in front.

"We are going to where your machine is stored," she answered, in low voice, not altogether steady. "When we get there you must assume command."

"To the hangar!" and I could not restrain an accent of exultation. "You will go with me, Mademoiselle?"

What else is there I could do?" she asked gravely. "I could not leave you to wander about alone. I—I had no choice left, but to trust you."

"I am cruel enough to rejoice," I said, and placed my hand upon hers.

"Monsieur; that is not nice. I said 'trust you'; I meant your courtesy, your consideration. Please understand I am not afraid physically; that is not it at all. Under ordinary conditions I would welcome the excitement of such an experience; I enjoy taking chances. In one sense I have enjoyed our adventures tonight. Perhaps I am of a strange nature, altogether too unconventional, but I am what I am. This is not an apology, only an explanation."

She laughed again, her eyes flashing across to mine in a passing gleam of light. "So that is not my fear at all," she went on, giving me no opportunity to interrupt, or protest.

"The physical danger involved gives me no concern. You are an expert aviator, Monsieur, and I can trust you fully on that score. It is something vastly different which makes me hesitate. Do you realize what I risk, Monsieur, by such an indiscretion? I may even forfeit your own respect."

"How can you say that? or even dream-such a thing?"

"Because I know something of human nature," she returned regretfully. "No, listen; you have ventured already much farther than you would have dared had our first meeting been a conventional one. You may like me, it is true—I certainly hope you do—but nevertheless I am not on the same plane in your estimation with the ladies of your own world. Oh, but I am not; your words cannot deceive me. They go into one ear, and out the other as they should—for I know."

"That I am insincere? untrustworthy?"

"Oh, no! not nearly so bad as that. If that was my conception, Monsieur, I would leave you at the next corner. See! we are almost there, yet I do not order the chauffeur to stop. Why? Because I am going to trust you—trust you to be a gentleman. Is that sufficiently explicit, Monsieur?"

I bent my head, comprehending fully her meaning and purpose. The clear insistence of her words brought conviction instantly. I could not pretend to any misunderstanding.

"I yield to your interpretation of human nature," I agreed, seeking to dismiss the matter lightly. "But please remember the exception to all rules."

"I remain just a little hopeful," she responded, apparently in the same spirit, "but must leave you to demonstrate that under other conditions."

"Then you are not so indifferent?"

"I have never expressed indifference, Monsieur; all of life is of interest to me. I merely strive to guard against mistakes."

I stared forth into the night, silenced for the moment; then sought to distinguish her face. She was looking out at the houses whirling past.

"Do you know where we are?"

"Nearing Fifty-ninth Street; we shall turn east in a moment toward the lake. Your hangar is not far from the shore."

"No; I could see water in the distance yesterday; a block, perhaps two, away; I did not ask."

"It is where I supposed. I remember the vacant lot there. We have a few moments more; will you tell me about your machine? I—I know so little, and—and surely I ought to know something."

CHAPTER XVI.

MISS PROBYN CHOOSES.

"Gladly," I said, "if I only understood what it was you desired to learn; to me it is most simple."

"You have no fear? no doubt but what this flight you contemplate can be safely made?"

"None whatever, Mademoiselle," smilingly. "With me it is but one of many."

"Yes, but not under such conditions; in the dark, without the assistance of

The Tragedy of Thos. Hearne

(Continued from page 5.)

ciation. I preferred to drive myself, declining the boy offered for that purpose. There were no other preparations to make; and so, on the day following, that earnest student, Mr. Abel Kingsley, might have been seen smoking his pipe on the cairn hill in a white mackintosh, for was there not a threat of rain in the air? while Mr. Thomas Hearne lay hid amongst the stones watching the effect of the signal through his pocket telescope. He reported all well; Julius Craig had undoubtedly noticed the white waterproof, and understood that we were waiting for him.

I could talk to you for an hour of our doings in the next three weeks. We lived on the edge of a powder barrel in which we had set the fuse. Never a morning but we were up with the sun, staring to windward for signs of the weather. Would it be today, tomorrow—not at all? A nervous man would not have stood that strain; but we were not a neurotic couple, the old chap and I.

As hard and keen and clever as a lad of 21 was Thomas Hearne. It was he who spent the day in Plymouth, returning with a wig and long overcoat that might temporarily conceal the convict's identity until he

could change his yellow prison uniform for the clothes I had already bought; it was he who gathered to himself all the weather lore of the village until he had become a better prophet than the wisest veteran of the moors. Two fogs we had, but during the first the convicts were kept within the walls; while before the other caught them the warders had time to rush the gangs back to their cells. Yet Hearne never lost temper at these delays, cheering me back into patience with the strength of his own certainty.

"Don't you worry, Kingsley," he would say; "What is fated to happen cannot be prevented, and Providence will see to it that Julius Craig comes to us soon."

His affection for the convict seemed to fill his life. No risk, no labor was too heavy; no storm would drive him from his post. Often when I smoked by the inn fire he was crouching patiently amongst the rocks on the cairn hill, as if it were his only son for whom he waited. There was something inhuman in his merciless self-sacrifice; but I had no reason to complain, for it lightened the burden on my shoulders.

(Continued on page 10.)

The Effect of Honest Advertising

By Roy B. Simpson

Simpson Advertising Service Co.

St. Louis, Mo.

The best authorities are agreed that about 90 per cent of all merchandise is sold to the people in their homes before they go to the store to buy. Food products, shoes, clothing—in fact all the necessities as well as the luxuries, are today sold on a basis of quality to the people who form their opinions or impressions of the goods by reading about them.

The largest food manufacturers, the largest shoe and clothing manufacturers, and the largest manufacturers of every other line are those who think enough of their goods to stamp them with their trade-mark and advertise their good qualities to the people.

No kind of merchandise will stand continuous advertising unless it is good. All the advertising in the world will not make a repeater of an inferior piece of goods. Your safeguard is in buying goods that are advertised by the manufacturer, year after year. The retail dealer's success depends largely upon handling such merchandise.

Ten years ago advertising was on trial. We have passed through

wild orgies of charlatany and quackery until today, the large manufacturers and successful retailers advertise the truth about their goods. Honest advertising pays and those who never resort to misrepresentation are growing year after year.

Honest advertising increases the production and sale of an article. This cuts manufacturing and selling costs and enables the manufacturer to give better quality or a larger quantity for the price you pay.

It will profit you greatly to read the advertisements in your local newspaper and other publications and patronize those concerns whose advertising is believable.